# Old Bingo: A Story of a Boy and a Dog.

RCHIE'S father had not approve Bingo when Archie brought the d fellow home one evening after thool. Not that Bingo was an ordinary dog, nor because Archie's father was an unkind man, but because Mr. Smith-Archie's father-did not approve of keeping dogs in town. He deprove of keeping dogs in town. He de-clared that town or city was no place for a dog, and, therefore, when Archie came home leading beside him a fine old dog. Mr. Smith shook his head and said: "Now, son, you know how I feel regard-ing dogs in town. Why did you bring this fellow here, and where did you get him?"

this fellow here, and where did you get him?"
"Wy, Papa, it's this way," said Archie, explaining; and doing his best to present the matter to his father so that Bingo might be allowed to stay. "As Tom Flower and I came down the alley back of those old unoccupied warehouses Tom said to me: 'Hello, Archie, you've got a new friend. See him beside you!' And giancing around I saw this fine old dog, walking very gently beside me. When I looked into his face he wagged his tail and looked so pleased to be noticed. I whiting very gently heater was geed his tail and looked so pleased to be noticed. I said, 'Where did you come from, fellow?' and he merely wagged his tall again and came closer to me than he had been. It was plain, Papa, that the dog had strayed, or been lost from some of those stroiling bands of Gypsies that have been camping of late on the river banks below town. And he seems such an intelligent fellow that it would be a shame to send him adrift on the town, for he'd wind up in the pound. Oh, that would be terrible, Papa." And Archie's face were an expression of horror at the thought his words conveyed.

Mr. Smith looked Bingo over, then asked what Archie would do with him were he to stay.

were he to stay.
"Why, I'd chum with him, sir," spoke

to do. Even a dog is better employed the animal. And at the same time he than idle."

On the next day-it being Saturday-Archie decided to pay a visit to a young friend who lived in the country, and animal had slipped. But his quick ear called to Bingo to accompany him. Archie would walk the distance of four miles. for he was quite an athletic fellow, and five or six miles was as nothing to him when the weather was fine. And old Bingo, Archie knew, would not feel fatigue from such a walk. So, bright and early, boy and dog set out, boy whistling gally and dos trotting beside him in a happy mood.

They were soon in the country, and Archie found much to interest him along the roadside. There were many fresh young plants—belonging to the weed family—that were worth examining, for the roadside. There were many fresh young plants—belonging to the weed family—that were worth examining, for a robust of the weed family—that were worth examining, for a robust of the weed family—that were worth examining, for a robust of the fore archie realized that he was prolonging his journey too much, for he knew his young friend would be expecting him for the noon dinner, and he was still a mile from the farm where he was to pay the visit.

"Say, Bingo, we've loitered," Archie said, throwing down a half-open bud he had been dissecting, "Come, let's get a sudden move on, and cover this mile in no time. Say, old fellow, there's that great posture we might cut through and save climbing the hill, also cutting off a quarter of a mile of distance. We'll take the diagonal cut across the meadow, and reach the farmhouse ten minutes sooner than if we went by the road. What say you, old chap?"

Bingo looked his approval, and Archie strede off towards a barbed wire fence which confined a meadow pasture. Archie supposed the pasture was one used for grazing the milk cows, but he saw no cattle anywhere. "Well, Bingo," he said, as he and dog crawled under the lowest wire of the fence, "we're now in a fine

which confined a meadow pasture. Archle were he to stay.

"Why, I'd chum with kim, sir," spoke up Archie, quickly, a smile of hope in his eyes. "He's a worthy fellow, Papa, and I'm quite sare his name is Bingo, for I called him several names before he seemed to reply to one of them, and it was to Bingo that he leaped up at my side and looked as though he wished to say: "That's my name, sir."

"All right, son," smiled Mr. Smith. "We'll try him for a while, and if he becomes too much of a nuisance we'll get some farmer to take him."

Archie turned away smiling. He felt sure that Bingo would never become a nuisance. Boys always have a better understanding of dogs than grownup people do, and Archie could read the character of Bingo much better than his father could. "Come, Bingo," he cried, snapping his fingers to his new-found chum. "Come, let's have a run." And away down the street they ran, each happy in the society of the other. And so the first week of Bingo's sojourn at the home of the Smiths passed conducf, save that he seemed of no use, "He behaves himself all right," he admitted, speaking to Archie of Bingo, "but he is of no account to us. He only cats and romps and sleeps. A dog ought to be on a farm, where he can find work

orgot the ground animal and turned to Just as he did so the young bull took it into his head to chase the two-legged intruder out of the pasture, and also thought it would be great sport to tess the said two-legged intruder on his heens. With a furlous bellow, a pre-liminary pawing of the earth with his strong hoofs and a switching of his tall in an eoraged manner, he started, head down, for Archie. The boy, thus menaced, turned to fly, but know that his chance to reach the fence was small. He ran with all his night, but knew bull took it into his head to chase the

some distance off, standing near to a

the pasture. Not ten rods from where he new stood the bull was engaged in a strenuous tussie with Bingo. The brave old dog-a powerful fellow in size and strength-had caught him by the ear and was holding on for dear life's sake. In vain did the bull try to shake him off. Bingo only fastened his long teeth whistled furiously for Bingo, who was the firmer and held fast. The bull was infurlated, but Bingo was calm, so the latter had the best of it.

Then Archie began to call and whistle to Bingo to come to him. "He can drop off the bull's ear and gain the fence before the bull can reach him," he said to himself. "Come, Bingo! Come, fellow!" Then he whistled again. And in response to the master's call Bingo suddenly ict loose the bull's ear and came with lightning-like bounds to the

# Blackie Gets Even With Goldie. A Story for Wee Co. By Helena Davis.

A Story for Wee Ones

old. She was called Goldle because of her golden hair. Blackle was a new pet belonging to Carre OLDIE was a little girl five years | is the only word that describes the mannew pet belonging to Goldle. Blackle was a strong, fat kitten, about three months old. He had been brought to Goldle by her uncle Tom who had bought the funny little fellow from a cat peddler. "He'll do for Goldle to play with," Uncle Tom had said, without ever asking Blackle if he would like being the property of a very mischievous little girl. So Uncle Tom had paid a dollar for Blackle and had carried him

ner of Goldle's carrying Blackie) the poor incomfortable kitten with her, squeezing his poor body till he suffered real pain. Once again on the big back porch, Goldle proceeded to dress Blackle in the doll's dress. And the poor fellow soon found himself in a garment very tight about the neck and arms (Blackle's front about the neck and arms (Blackie's front legs served the purpose of arms when in a dress). In vain he mewed and mewed, begging to be taken out of the torturous clothes. Goldie had no pity, and kept hold of the poor Blackie, scolding him for mewing, and slapping him occasionally over the ears, all of which made Blackie very miserable indeed. You know a cat has feelings just like a human being's, but cannot express bis pain or joy in words. So poor Blackie had to suffer and suffer, his little heart aimost breaking.

pain of joy in words. So poor Blackle had to suffer and suffer, his little heart almost breaking.

The next day Goldle conceived the idea of dressing Blackle up in a doll's dress again, for her little friend, Fred Scott, had come to play with her, and she meant to let Fred wool and pull and tease poor Blackle in his uncomfortable clothes. But Blackle had been thinking all the night before and had arrived at this conclusion: A cat has his rights, and one of them is comfort; another one, liberty. And why should he, Blackle, submit to the tortures inflicted upon him by Goldle? No, he would fight back, he would. If ever again she tried to put those herrid clothes upon him he would protect himself; he would use his claws and teeth. What else were claws for? So, the following day, when Goldle got the doll's dress and began to put it on Blackle the determined little fellow sprang at her face and dashed both paws across it. One went slap across Goldie's nose, leaving a tiny bloody streak marking the claws' progress. The other

and down stairs; no, she had lugged (that | paw stroked her chin, leaving a twin streak of blood to the one over the nose. Goldie, screaming with fright and pain, threw Blackle to the ground and ran in the house to tell her mother. Fred, also afraid of Blackle, having been a witness to the scratching, ran after Goldle, intending to testify to Blackle's

Golde, Intending to testify to Blackle's terrible conduct.

And Blackle was now at liberty to go where he pleased, and he pleased to run with all possible speed to the alley. Arriving there, he found a song barrel, turned on its side, full of straw, and into it he crept. Half an hour later Goldie and Fred came to the alley hunting for him, calling "Kitty, kitty, kitty!" But Blackle kept very still and the children went away without so much as suspecting that he might be in the barrel. pecting that he might be in the barrel.

That night Blackle crept forth and found a garbage barrel in the alley, from which he got a pretty good supper. Then he traveled on, and when morning came had entered the yard of a nice old lady who had no children about the place, and when wedge Blackle, fed early extends. who had no children about the place, and who, seeing Blackie, fed and petted him and made him know he was welcome to live in her house. And as soon as Blackie found there were no children about he decided to stay and to pay for his board and keep by catching the mice in the cellar.

And to this day—which is a year since Blackie found the happy home with the old lady—he has remained and grown into a genuinely fine mouser, and his present mistress thinks he is the finest cat in the world, and treats him as though he were human, for she knows that cats feel the same as do people.



AYI that same day to Goldie, and Goldie was a Matter of a Few Seconds Lay Between Him and a Pair of Sharp Horns.

fence, and with a powerful leap cleared it, landing several feet from his young master, The bull, thus suddenly released, stood that the bull was only a short distance behing him and that only a matter of a few seconds lay between him and a gazing toward boy and dog for a few seconds, then shaking his head, from which blood was flowing, for Bingo's pair of sharp horns. Possibly it would teeth had pierced one of the animal's ears, he slowly turned and made off tomean his death! The very thought was so horrible that Archie almost fainted ward the little grove in the pasture.

And it was a thrilling story of Bingo's from fear. But he was saved from this

disaster by hearing Bingo's low, deep bark, or a snarl it was now, and Archie bravery, intelligence and strength that Archie told his father that evening knew that his faithful friend was close beside the pursuing buil. on returning home. And after hearing "Ah, Bingo's come to my relief!" he thought. "He'll hold the bull's attention till I'm safe beyond the fence." And so it did happen just that way. Within a minute Archie had gained the fence and rolled under it to safety. Then getting to his feet quickly he looked into the account of Archie's close call at the horns of a bull Mr. Smith said feelingly: "Bingo's well worth his board and keep, son, and from henceforth shall be one of the family."

And of course Archie and Bingo were both very happy over this verdict.

that same day to Goldie, and Goldie was much pleased at having a live toy. Her dolls, her Teddy bear, her. Noah's ark animals, were all so stupid; never moving of themselves, and having to be put into position by Goldie herself. So, she found Blackie very amusing.

On the third day after Blackie's arrival in the home of Goldie, the little four-footer and long-tailer found himself very unhappy. First of all, he missed his vice warm mother, against whose side he had slept so comfortably. Next, he found himself looking in vain for his aisters and brothers with whom he had played so merrily. And many, many other recollections of the very recent past filtred through little Blackie's mind as he was wooled and pulled about by his new mis-

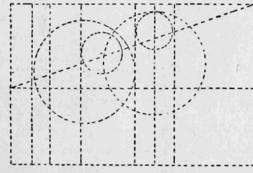
through little Blackle's mind as he was wooled and pulled about by his new mistress, little Miss Goldie.

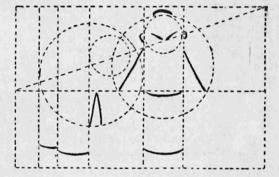
"Ah, you are such a bad kitten!" cried little Miss Goldie, squeezing poor Blackle till he mewed pitifuily. "Why, do you want to get out of my arms, you ugly fellow? Aren't you having a good time? Oh, I know what I'll do—I'll put one of Delly's dresses on you. Oh, how very, very funny you will look. You'll look like a live nigger doll, with your funny black face."

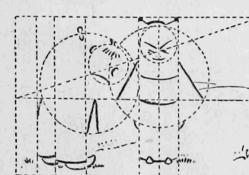
Then Goldie ran to her playroom and got one of Dolly's dresses. But she

got one of Dolly's dresses. But she hadn't given poor Blackle a chance of escape during the time she was going up

### HELPFUL HINTS FOR OUR YOUNG ARTISTS.









stairs like a flash, all thought of the aged sick aunt vanished as she saw the car riage waiting at the gate.

"Why don't you go child?" asked Aunt Mary, turning to Ethel May, who still lingered in her room.
"Because, Auntle, I just can't go off and leave you sick in bed. And I wouldn't enjoy the picnic were I to go, knowing you were here alone and ill. I know just now Jane will do. She'll come to when called and perform just the little errands you require of her. Then she'll

hurry down to the kitchen to gossip with

cook and the gardener. I know her, and the other servants, too. They'll neglect you. So I mean to stay and look after Tears trickled down old Aunt Mary's beeks, and she caught Ethel's hands in her own and pressed them tenderly, say ing, "Thank you, dearle. It is sweet to have someone with you who loves you. Servants want only money. You stay with me because — "

Because you are the dearest old Auntle in the world, and I love you," declared in the world, and I love you," declared Ethel May. "And now I shall see about making you more comfortable." And the little Miss soon had her auntie in a loose robe and back into bed, where the pillows were fixed that the bed, where the pillows were fixed just right, and the window shades were so adjusted that the morning sun and air came into the room but did not fall on the bed. Then, running to the garden Ethel May picked a bouquet of roses and placed them in a vase of water near to her aunt's bed.

The doctor came and found Aunt Mary

The doctor came and found Aunt Mary feeble and "run down," as he expressed it. Nothing serious, but a sort of breakdown. He advised a change of scene and "How would California do?" asked Aunt ary. "I've long thought of making a

HANOVER LD Mother Bear and little sweet air.

liberty!"

young bears All winter had lain in a hole, But as soon as the first spring days arrived

awake,

And each little bear laughed with glee; "Ah, ha! It is fine to be wide

To have light, air and grand

The Bears Are Out Again. Then in chorus loud together they cried,

"We'll eat, play, hunt and fight. And we'll make our day just six months long,

For we've had six months of night."

And Mother Bear, with a look of pride

On her children standing there, Said, "I know that you will all grow up

To terrorize folks everywhere. To the light of day and pure "You'll frighten boys and big men, too,

And 'twill be such jolly fun To see those queer two-legged

things Turn pale when they see you and run." M. W.

What men are always losing their pa-tience (patients)?

Doctors.
Why are carpets like old shoes?
Both are foot-worn.
When is a boy like a saddle?
When pummeled.

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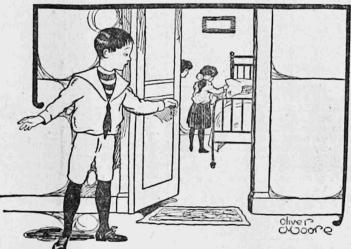
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When are pigs like letters? When penned.
When are lighthouses like castles?
When stormed.

proven your unselfishness this day and leserve a reward. It shall be in the form of a visit to all parts of interest on the Pacific Coast as far as we can go and re main in our own country. And maybe next year we'll go to Old Mexico-you and I. You see, dearle, love-disinterest-



I'll Get the Baskets in the Carringe, Girls, While You Are Getting On Your Jackets.

future you shall be my dearest one, and

After the doctor had departed Aunt Mary turned to Ethel May, saying, "You and I will start for California this day week, dear. So you may make your plans accordingly. I'll write your parents to have you accompany me on this enjoyable trip."

"And brother and sister—will you take them, too?" asked unselfish Ethel May.
Aunt Mary shook her head "No, childle, only you shall be my dearest one, and I shall try to repay you for your sweet, youthful devotion and self-sacrificing kindness."

And Ethel May's Aunt Mary kept her word, and that time next week found them diving to the railroad station in the village, where they would take the train for the great and glorious West. And Jack and Gracle returned home to the city and had ample time to ponder over why Ethel May should be taken and they left behind.

## Our Puzzle Corner CONUNDRUMS.

LETTER ENIGMA. My first is in joy, but not in grief.

My second is in army, but not in relief.

My third is in car, but not in train. fourth is in kill, but not in slain. My fifth is in smile, but not in tear,
My sixth is in terror, but not in fear.
My seventh is in oven, but not in bake.
My eighth is is in candy, but not in

My ninth is in come, but not in go. My tenth you have found in my fifth

My whole spells a game That children will play When it rains out of doors. And indoors they must stay. ZIGZAG PUZZLE.

The words of this zigzag contain the same number of letters. If the words are rightly guessed and written one below the other in correct order their zigzag letters, beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower left-hand letter, will spell the surname of a famous French woman artist. The cross words are: (1) A sea-going vessel. (2) The place in a barn where hay is stored. (3) A place from which minerals are taken. (4) That which looms far above the earth's surface. (5) A place where boats land. (6) To be consumed by fire. (7) Part of a melon.

BEHEADINGS.

(1). Doubly behead one who makes his living on the water and leave the name of a famous American general. (2) Triply behead a snake and leave a fred brick that is used in building grates. (3) Behead the plural of a sharp-bladed weapon and leave that which no language can be without.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S
PUZZLES.

LETTER ENIGMA: Swimming.
ZIGZAG PUZZLE: Burns. The cross.
words are: 1, Bud; 2, Fur; 3, Her; 4,
Ink; 5, Sun.

BEHEADINGS: (1) Lichen-hen. Ballad-lad. (2) Person-son.

AN EASY REBUS.

### ETHEL MAY'S

BY MAUD WALKER. HERE were three of the Anderson Gracle, aged 15; Jack, aged 13; Ethel May, aged 11. And all three were spending the sum-mer with an aged aunt in the country, on a beautiful farm near to a small and interesting village.

As the Anderson children's home was

# REWARD

only a mile distant from Mrs. Jones' Of course, the children talked of nothing else all that day except the coming picule in the woods. They had never en-

joyed a country picnic, and this one held much pleasure for them. On the day of the picule the Anderson children were ready to start to the home

As the Anderson children's home was in a very large Eastern city, they found a great deal of pleasure and many surpoles, in the country. There seemed no ead to the variety of standard sound of the plant of the pla

remain away from the picnic. Then he

"I really don't see what we kids could do for Aunt Mary. There is Jane to wait on her; and the doctor will be here directly. I think we'd better go to the picnic, for Mrs. Jones, and the Jones kids will be looking for us.' "Yes," said Gracle, adding her argu

From the gloom and darkness they stole

"Just the place, my dear woman," de- | ed love-is a rare thing, and when one clared the doctor. "And go as soon as finds it, as I have found it in you today, you are a bit stronger. You'll be able to one must value it dearer than all else. In